

Patterns 75

St. Clair County Community College



Patterns⁷⁵

A Publication of
St. Clair County Community College

P r e f a c e

This seventeenth yearly publication of **PATTERNS** is good evidence that the creative arts are still very much alive here at the college. Those artists, writers and photographers represented in this year's magazine join a long line of successful students who have made the **PATTERNS** of the past so exciting. We thank all the students who have submitted entries and hope that those of you who are printed here are just beginning on long and happy careers as creative artists.

COMMITTEE

Writing

Richard J. Colwell
Eleanor Mathews
Fred Reed
Gary Garrett

Art

Patrick Bourke
Jack Hennessey
Earl Robinette
Dale Northup
Rosemary Gould



Untitled

Harold W. Glenn

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Black River Skinny Dippers

Gerald S. Richards

Soulscape

by

Janna Heltman

Give me barren evenings,
to dance with haunting winds,
in the gloomy, dusky chill.

Give me rock-bound, treeless lands,
with hills eternally wandering,
bound past all horizons ever to be known.

Give me bottomless, endless rivers,
born at the eyes of unnamed men,
owned by perpetual silence.

Only in such evenings,
such lands and such rivers,
will I descend
the stairs of my soul,
and make love
to the emptiness
that is me.

The Clown

by

Natalie Leonard

Painted face, red nose, wild bright hair.
Laugh at me for I am a clown.

Baggy pants, wide suspenders of different colors, torn shirt, and
sole-worn shoes four sizes too big.
Laugh at me for I am a clown.

Lots of people around me all day long, with me, and me with them.
Laugh at me for I am a clown.

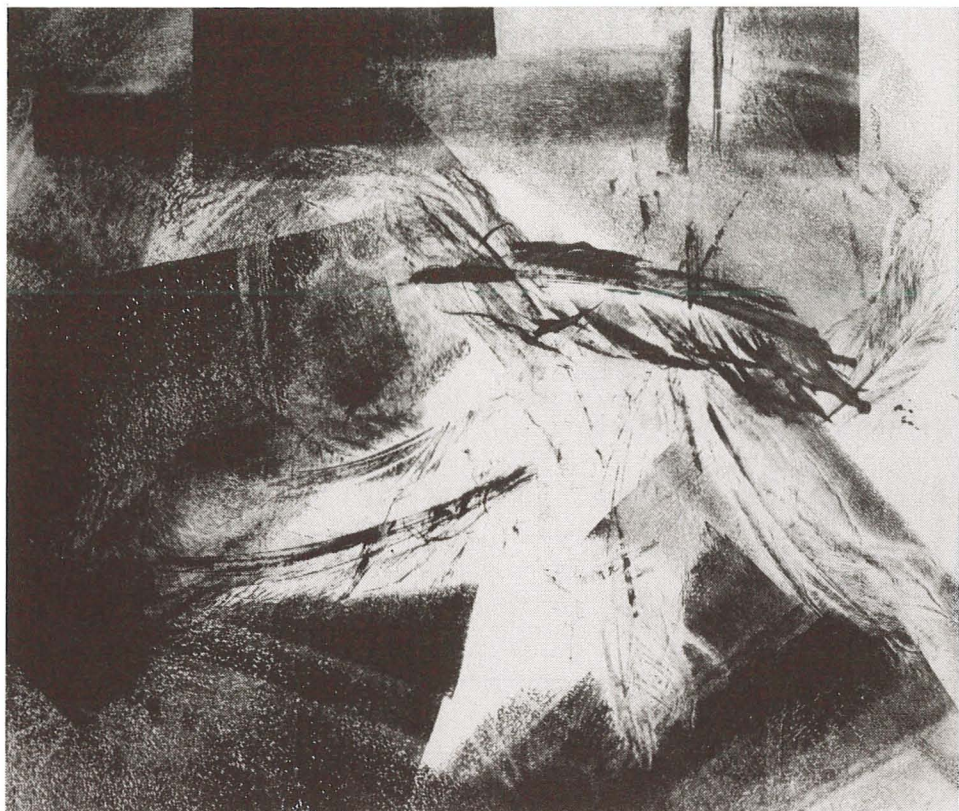
Many people come to see me and watch me do my many tricks.
Laugh at me for I am a clown.

I pour my heart out to you so you will return and see me again.
Laugh at me for I am a clown.

When you leave, I strip my face of my painted mask, rid my head
of the wild hair and place my red nose on the table all to be used again.
Laugh at me for I am a clown.

My baggy pants, wide suspenders, torn shirt and worn shoes lie
on the floor of my lonely single room.
Laugh at me for I am a clown.

I am glad there is little light and I am alone, so no one will
see a clown cry.
Laugh at me, Laugh at me for I am a clown.



Last Flight (monoprint)

Nancy Ketchen

Little Brother Gone

by

Gerald S. Richards

In these hot hours
Among tall monoliths of time
And scorching city walks,
It is not easy to recall
The cooling softness of a boy's cheek.
To trace again in memory
Fragile lips that brush against
Tall morning grass,
To feel again the faith revealed
Through the growing firmness of
A clasping hand.
But when cool evening hours come,
And night suspends the blazing path of time,
I treasure the walks through darkened streets —
Eternal evenings we shared alone
In search of all
Beneath a never moon.

February 10

by

Liz Bajis

Today on your birthday
there's no presents
or toasts to sing to you.
I've come to tell you what I need.

I need more than summer afternoons
and sleepy Sundays
getting seasick from the night before.

After I memorize
the lines you'll never hear
I'll memorize your sleepy eyes at four a.m.
And leave you with your shadow.

Later,
I'll make my way into afternoon
and stop now and then to munch sweet dandelions.
But when I arrive
to greet you
I will have enjoyed the journey
more than the arrival.



Figure Drawing (acrylic)

Robert Banka

A Passing

by

David C. Gibson

Stillness pervaded the coming night like a great conqueror subdues his enemy with an iron hand, without a thought for the daylight, inevitably. Standing in a trench viewing the bleak landscape was a young man of twenty-three, a soldier of the war. He possessed a rigid body of muscular build and it seemed he contained an animal-like instinct for he watched the enemy lines very carefully, hardly allowing his head to move at all, just his eyes turned from side to side in a slow motion. Squinted eyelids half-covered almost jet black eyes and a wrinkled forehead gave him an angry looking appearance, though he rarely became angry with anyone. As a matter of fact he was well liked by almost everyone he had ever come in contact with; cracking jokes constantly he had a witty personality and a somewhat optimistic view of life, even out here.

Still scanning the area to the west of him, he saw nothing moving, not a leaf or twig on the few remaining trees which still stood. Gnarled looking figures — they stood out against the sunset like lone sentries. Not even they had survived the death here. Like soldiers, their numbers had been thinned until only a few mangled remnants remained, perhaps in memory of their fallen comrades, the youth thought.

It was spring, and it would have been lovely to see them out in bloom with green leaves fluttering in the wind, but instead they maintained that brown muddy look of the battlefield. Nowhere did a contrasting color conflict with the new color made by armies and the destruction they brought. Not even the green uniforms of the soldiers stood out, for it seemed the mud sucked them into the earth so that even the creators of this new nature couldn't reverse it. Even in their death they blended into the brown monotony which stretched out for miles on all sides of him. It was hard for him to picture what this area had looked like before the campaign had started.

Shaking off the feeling of dreariness, he felt the tenseness of the day's fight slowly leaving him and being replaced by a weariness. He realized he was totally exhausted now although all through the day it never once occurred to him. This day's fighting was different from all the others he had been in, not because of the killing — he had long since learned to live with that, and now it was practically an everyday occurrence. On this day, though, he had watched his comrades fall all around him, caught in that mad crossfire, until only he remained running in a ridiculous charge. Jumping into the nearest trench, where he was now, he watched as the enemy pulled out, leaving him alone, in bewilderment. All of them, twenty-six in number, and he was the twenty-seventh. Actually he felt he should have died with them, but being optimistic, he felt maybe he would make it through this war after all. Several times he had escaped near death through some unexplainable luck until he finally acquired the nickname of "Lucky" from a few of his better friends in his Company. "Real lucky," he thought as he viewed the dead around him. Good men, every one of them was a friend in one way or another. He had even saved some of them once from death by blowing up a machine gun position only to have them end like this. Now they lay stretched out around him

on the dimming landscape, with its heaps of dirt thrown out from crater-like shell holes. It seemed like a massive graveyard lying before him, no one knowing who the next entry might be, without crosses or markers to signify what they had done or tried to do or even for what. "For what," he thought. "Nameless dead . . . nameless."

The air grew cooler as the sun sank lower in the sky. Watching its bottom edge touch the earth, it reminded him of something, but he couldn't remember what — something in his past life and it bothered him how his memory seemed to be clouded over.

Taking out a cigarette from its crumpled pack he realized it was his last one. "Damn," he thought. "What else could go wrong today?" It occurred to him maybe he should make his way to where his friends were lying and check them over. Surely they had some left. As he poked his head over the trench, he suddenly pulled himself back down with a jerk, as if someone behind him was doing the pulling. A sudden fear gripped him as he thought, "What if they're not all gone? What if some remained to make sure everyone was dead? Ridiculous," he thought. He had watched them pull out, all of them. They didn't even bother to check over the dead. "Must have been pretty sure of themselves," he thought grimly. "Don't worry, you only left one." But he decided anyway to wait till morning to get the cigarettes. Bending over, he struck the match and lit his cigarette, still not able to shake the feeling. He had had similar feelings when he was a boy. Whenever walking away from an opened door of a dark room, even in his own house, a feeling of some strange presence came over him; not necessarily a harmful presence, but one he did not understand. He thought he long ago had shaken that feeling. "Funny thing, it should come over me now," he thought.

Cupping his cigarette in the palm of his hand, more from habit than fear now, he rested back on an empty ammunition box to watch the sunset, as he smoked his cigarette slowly and deliberately to make it last as long as possible.

The red, yellow, and orange sunbeams looked the same as they had years before while he sat on his back porch, listening to the warm summer breeze rustle the leaves of the two large oak trees in his back yard. How long had he been here, he wondered, at first not being able to recall. Thinking harder for fear of not being able to remember, he began by recounting his earlier years. A faint memory was all it seemed, buried over by the deluge of war. "Four years . . . four years," he said out loud in astonishment. It seemed like a hundred. How could it be? Where did it all begin?

With this thought, he saw the rounded face of a figure standing on some kind of a platform making a speech, but he couldn't recall what the man said. Tracking back even further, he remembered walking along Eighteenth Street that day back in his home town. He never tired of old Eighteenth, for it was one of the oldest streets in town and it always amazed him how ancient it looked. The sidewalk still had planks instead of the brick which was laid on the newer sidewalks. Each board had a character of its own with its weathered, cracked look. Sometimes faces loomed up at him, arranged from corky knots. One looked like a wolf's face, and he remembered how he always avoided stepping on it when he was little for fear one day it would make a gesture at him. Pigeons rested on the side benches jumping down on the ground now and then

to peck an insect or piece of grain someone had given up from their pocket for that very purpose. They rested on the sills of the Meat Cutter's Shop and stood out against the darkened smoke filmed window of the Candle Maker and Wick Trimmer's Shop, which seemed destined forever to remain the dingiest building on the street. The smell of freshly cut meat and melted wax mixed with the rank smell of kerosene added to the street's seeming antiquity. The last building standing on the corner was the Soda Fountain, with its chalky block letters printed on the windows: "FLOATS, SUNDAES, SHAKES, AND OTHER ASSORTMENTS". Above the door hung a sign from two rusty linked chains which grated whenever a breeze blew down the street. Painted on the sign were the letters "SUN-UP SODA" and above the letters an orange sun could be seen peeking up over a dark horizon, with sunbeams shining out all around it. It was always the last thing he saw as the sound of his footsteps fell off from the hollow sound of wood to the higher clicking sound of brick as he rounded the corner to Main Street.

The first thing he encountered upon turning the corner was a crowd of people gathered around a round-faced man standing behind a booth which looked as if it had been quickly constructed out of barn wood or something of the like with its rough surface and uneven edges.

Painted on a sign above the man were very military looking letters saying "Recruiting Station". He noticed directly behind the building was "Joe's Joke and Trick Shop" with "Fool Your Friends" written across the large pane window. After viewing all of this, he turned his attention to the recruiter who was speaking in a rather vain way, making gestures with his arms and hands, with his voice rising and lowering accordingly. "Come on, lads. Get yourself into one of these," he said, slapping his palms against his chest, showing off his ill-fitted uniform. The shoulders of his coat were too small, giving him the image of a comedian on a stage, but he seemed serious enough as he continued, "Be the pride of your country. Heroes are made every day in the army, and by the looks of this bunch, I see quite a few possibilities."

With that, a group of seven young men between twenty and twenty-five stepped to the front and were handed forms to fill out. The recruiter praised them with remarks like, "Right move, boys. You won't regret it. How 'bout you son?" he inquired, looking at the youth. "Come up here and let me look ya over, see what kind of stock you're made of." Caught by surprise and not knowing just what to do, he gingerly made his way forward. When he reached the front, the recruiter blurted out in an obviously bogus manner, "Fine, fine, good build and real smart. I bet you'd make a real soldier, son, how 'bout it? Just fill out one of these and you're in."

"No . . . no thanks," was his reply. Trying not to be offensive, but needing an excuse, he added, "I'm only nineteen, and I plan to start work in the munitions factory soon . . ."

"Munitions factory," the recruiter said. "Boy, that's only for old men and women. You belong where the action is." Then, "Well, maybe you are a little too young," retorted the man sarcastically. "Better go ask mommy and daddy 'fore you do anything." With that, he slapped his hand on his side and laughed. The youth couldn't see anything a bit funny, but he felt his face getting red, first from anger, then embarrassment, as the crowd around him picked up the joke and let out some

laughter. He backed away and continued his walk home, without retaliating to the fat man's last remark. The embarrassment soon left him, but humiliation took its place as he heard the recruiter start up his speech over again to new faces.

Walking through the back door, he smelled supper ready and heard his mother's usual cry, "That you, Jim? Supper's ready." After supper he brought up the event on Main Street to his father, a serious looking man whom he thought he resembled, having the same large nose and prominent chin. His father was concerned, but didn't deny the feeling which he had felt about in the town. The war had been on only three weeks now, but everyone was buzzing around asking the authorities what would be the best things to do to help the war effort. Liberals were already being accused of being sympathetic to the enemy cause, but as he understood it, they always came back with, "What cause?" Well, it didn't matter about causes. Right was right, and the few liberals were soon pushed aside in the hustle-bustle of the times. His father said one man had even been fired down at the shop for holding an "alternate" opinion, and he felt rougher times were coming for anyone not going along with the general feeling.

In two week's time he was in. He couldn't explain, even to himself, just why he joined, but gave himself the excuse that he would have been drafted in a short time anyway. He left his father with a solemn handshake, which seemed tighter than any he had ever felt before, and his mother with a kiss and a tear on her cheek, promising to return soon because the war couldn't last long and certainly not now that he was in it. His effort at joking brought meager smiles as they waved him off with cries of "Write often. Don't forget."

Their faces grew dimmer and their smiles faded into darkness as he felt himself returning to the present. The sun was halfway down now, and he knew what it had reminded him of before — the Soda Fountain.

Glowing a deep red now, the sun looked cold and very distant, trying to maintain its glow, but dimming fast. Funny though, he thought he felt heat from it. In an instant he realized his cigarette was burning his finger, and he dropped it with a start and crushed it out with his boot. "Last one, and I didn't even smoke it," he thought aloud.

Standing up, he looked across the land, scanning for anything, nothing in particular, but it was a habit he acquired from living in such easy reach of death. As he was lowering his head he caught a movement out of his right eye. Ducking instinctively, he peeked over the trench and watched, not making a move, hardly breathing. "Now, what the hell," he wondered. "My luck they're moving back into the area." Then he refuted this thought by reasoning they would have no purpose to gain by doing so. Watching, he noticed fog settling down and cursed it, for it would chill the air even worse and he probably wouldn't be able to get any sleep. "Damn fog," he whispered, as an uneasy feeling crept over him; then a little louder to override the fog, "Damn war."

The fog swirled and seemed to twist and dance to unheard music as it flowed down into the trench and seemed to disappear into the ground. "The mud," he thought, "it even swallows up the fog," just as it had swallowed his comrades.

A strange feeling now came over him, not one of despair or grief,

but a much worse one — one he had not felt in a long time. As a matter of fact he couldn't remember when the last time was he had felt lonely. It hung over him like a leaded weight and seemed to push his soul out of him as it went through.

There it was again, a movement over to the right, but he still couldn't make it out. The thought occurred to him that maybe it wasn't anything real. Possibly one of his comrades was only wounded, but he quickly passed that out of his head. It was a wonder he even survived that crossfire. Could it be his mind playing tricks? "God," he thought. "Get hold of yourself, Jimmy. All I need now is to lose my self-control." He had always prided himself on that one fact. He was as calm under fire as if he were back home walking down Eighteenth. This loneliness, however, it seemed to overwhelm everything, creeping up his back and into his being. It overpowered his self-control, and he hastily snapped a fresh clip into his rifle. "I'll be damned if I don't go fighting," he said to himself.

The next time he was sure. Someone was out there, standing fully erect in the fog, but for what, he didn't know. A raised arm on the figure seemed to beckon him and he thought he heard the word "comrade" yelled out.

Suddenly it all seemed to fit into place. He jumped out of the trench. He'd leave those icy fingers of loneliness behind him in that God-forsaken hole in the ground. He didn't even think of picking up his rifle when it fell from his loose hands.

"Friend, comrade, I'm here, here, coming," he yelled as he ran toward the figure. "You don't have to be afraid anymore. I'll be with you soon." Running in mad leaps, he felt a sharp pain in his chest and something like a hammer blow as he fell and laid still on a heap of mud blown out from a shell hole.

A soldier stood over him wondering what could possibly have gotten into his enemy, running like a madman toward him, yelling something he couldn't understand. Like a lunatic, he came out of the fog, half-scaring him to death, and he didn't realize he had no weapon until it was too late. "Must have lost all self-control," the soldier thought. Stooping over he closed the eyelids over the unseeing eyes staring out into nothing. Standing up straight he saw the sun duck below the earth in the west and a strange feeling of loneliness came over him, one which he hadn't felt in a long time.

Haiku

by

Connie Scofield

Wonder of nature

Whirling red orange and gold leaves

On October snow



Rampant (pencil)

Sandy Campbell

The Engineer's House

by

Howard Gold

The house they call the Engineer's House is now deserted. The roof has caved in, and most of the windows are broken. No birds take refuge under the eaves, or take advantage of the uncared for rooms. An empty house is usually a good haven for rats or mice and bats, but there was not a rustle to disturb this one. Only creatures such as the scorpion, termite, and tarantula make it their home.

A young tree has burst up through the boards in the veranda outside the living room window, so that they fan out. In this corner there still stands a bird's perch made of wood. This wood has been untouched even by the termite and the beetle.

The Spauldings brought a parrot with them when first they moved in. It was something from home for Edna to take to the wilderness.

The parrot was quite old and called Tom. He sat on his porch and whistled and laughed and spoke his few remarks. Edna and Jack were both fond of him and were quite fond of each other. They liked their house, and the country, and Jack's friends, and everything seemed to be delightful.

One night, just as they had settled down, they were awakened by a loud squawking and fluttering outside on the porch.

"Oh Jack!" cried Edna. "Get up! Hurry! Run! It's one of those dreadful cats that the neighbors keep, and it's got hold of poor Tom!"

Jack sprang from the bed, and after picking himself off the floor he reached the doorway to the porch.

All this time, which seemed like a decade, the squawking and fluttering had increased, but as he flung open the door it ceased as quickly as it had begun. The whole porch was bathed in moonlight and at the end the perch was visible. Old Tom was gasping and crying, "Oh, oh, oh!"

At any rate he was alive. Jack looked all over for traces, then leaned over the rail just in time to see a glimpse of an enormous bird flying away. He just caught a glimpse of it as it crossed the brightness of the moon.

He turned back and picked up Tom. By this time his wife had arrived at the door.

"Is he dead?" cried Edna.

"No," said Jack. "He's had a bit of a shock, though. Something got hold of him. Let him rest. He has had a bad tousling."

"It was a cat," said Edna. "It was one of those beastly cats from down the road."

"Maybe," said Jack. "On the other hand, I don't know. I thought I saw an enormous bird flying away."

"It couldn't have been an eagle," said Edna. "There are none ever seen here."

"I know," said Jack. "Besides, they don't fly at night. Nor do the buzzards. It might have been an owl, I suppose. But —"

"But what?" said Edna.

"But it looked much larger than an owl," said Jack.

"It was your fancy," said Edna. "It was one of those beastly cats that did it."

This point was discussed very frequently during the next few days. Everybody was consulted, and everyone had an opinion. Jack might have been a little doubtful at first but opposition made him certain, and many discussions became quite heated.

"Charlie says it was all your imagination," said Edna. He says no owl would ever attack a parrot."

"How the devil does he know?" said Jack. "Besides, I said it was bigger than an owl."

"He says that proves you imagine things," said Edna.

"Perhaps he would like me to think I do," said Jack. "Perhaps you both would."

"Oh Jack!" cried Edna. She was deeply hurt and not without reason, for it showed that Jack was still thinking about a silly mistake he once had made, a real mistake, of the type that young husbands make when they come into a room suddenly and people are startled without any real reason for it. Charlie was young and free and easy, and he would put his hand on your shoulder without even thinking about it, and nobody minded.

"I should not have said that," said Jack.

"No, indeed you shouldn't have," said Edna and she was right.

The parrot said nothing at all. All these days he had been moping and ailing, and seemed to have forgotten even how to ask for crackers. He only groaned and moaned to himself, ruffled his feathers, and every now and then shook his head in the most rueful way anybody can imagine.

One day, however, when Jack came home from work, Edna put her finger to her lips and beckoned him to the window.

"Watch Tom," she whispered.

Jack peered out. There was the old bird laborously climbing down from his perch and picking some dead stalks from the vine, which he carried to a place where they could all accumulate. He walked around and around, twisting his stalks in and out, and always with the same expression.

"There's no doubt about it!" said Jack.

"He's making a nest!" cried Edna.

"He!" cried Jack. "He! I like that. She's going to lay an egg. Thomasina — that's her name from now on."

Thomasina it was. Two or three days later the matter was settled beyond the shadow of a doubt. There, in the messy nest, was an egg, one morning.

"I thought she was sick because of the shaking she got," said Jack. "She was broody, that's all."

"It's a monstrous egg," said Edna. "Poor birdie."

"What do you expect, after God knows how many years?" said Jack, laughing. "Some birds lay eggs nearly as big as themselves — some Australian bird or something. Still I must admit it's a big one."

"She doesn't look well," said Edna.

Indeed, the old parrot looked almost as sick as a parrot, which is twice as sickly looking as any other living creature. However, she sat on the huge egg she had laid, though every day she seemed a little weaker than before.

A few mornings later Edna called Jack. "Jack," she called. "Do come. It's Tom — Thomasina I mean. I'm scared she's going to die."

"We should have taken the egg away before," said Jack. "It's probably no good anyways."

"Look at her," cried Edna.

"She's done for," said Jack, picking it up. "Do you want to keep it? Oh, my God!" He put the egg down quickly. "It's alive," he said.

"What?" said Edna. "What do you mean?"

"It's against nature," said Jack. "There's a chick inside that egg, trying to get out."

"Let it out," said Edna. "Break the shell."

"I was right," said Jack. "It was a bird I saw. It must have been a stray parrot. Only it looked so big."

"I'm going to break it with a spoon," said Edna, going into the kitchen to get one.

When she returned she hesitantly cracked the shell. Soon they saw a well-developed beak tearing its way through. In another moment the chick was born.

"Golly!" cried Jack. "What a monster. Well, I must be going to work."

That morning Jack telephoned home two or three times to find out how the chick was, and if it ate. He rushed home at lunchtime and in the evening everyone came around to give their advice.

Charlie was there. "It ought to be fed at least every hour," he said.

"He's right," said Jack. "For a little while any way, it should be that way."



In The Getto (monoprint)

Dave Tardiff

Certainly the hourly feeding seemed to agree with the chick. In a few months it was fully grown and not a bit like its mother. For one thing, it was black.

"It must be a hybrid or something," said Jack. "There is a black parrot; I've seen them in books. They didn't look like this though."

"He looks so wicked," said Edna.

"He looks cunning," said Jack. "I'll bet he talks soon. He knows everything."

"It gave a sort of laugh," said Edna. "But it was horrible. It made Charlie nearly jump out of his skin."

"Charlie!" cried Jack. "You said he'd never been here."

"Well, you know how often he drops in," said Edna.

"Do I?" said Jack. "I hope I do. What was that?"

"That's what I meant," said Edna. "A sort of laugh."

"What a horrible sound!" said Jack.

"Listen Jack," said Edna. "I wish you wouldn't be so silly about Charlie. You are, you know."

Jack looked at her. "I know I am," said Jack. "I know it when I look at you, and then I think I will never be again. But somehow it's stuck in my mind, and the least little thing brings it out."

"Well, he'll be transferred soon," said Edna. "And that will be the end of it."

"Where did you hear that?" asked Jack.

"He told me this afternoon," said Edna. "He was on his way back from getting the mail when he dropped in. That's why he told me first. Otherwise he'd tell you first. You see?"

"Yes, I see," said Jack. "I wish I could be psychoanalyzed or something."

Soon Charlie made his farewells and departed for his job on the company's other project. Edna was secretly glad to see him go. She wanted no problems; however reasonless, to exist between herself and Jack. A few days later she felt sure that all the problems were solved forever.

"Jack," said she when he came home in the evening.

"Yes," he said.

"Something," said she. "Don't play with that bird. Listen to me."

"Call him Polly," said Jack. They named it Polly to be on the safe side. "You don't want to call him 'that bird'. The missus doesn't love you Poll."

"You know I don't!" said Edna, with a startling sternness. "I don't like him at all. Let's give him away."

"What? For heaven's sake!" cried Jack. "This rare, black, specially hatched Poll? This parrot of romantic origin? The cleverest Poll that ever —"

"That's it," said Edna. "He's too damn clever, Jack. I hate him. He's horrible."

"What? Has he said something you don't like?" said Jack. "I bet he will, when he talks. But what's the . . ."

"Come inside," said Edna. "I'm not going to tell you with that creature listening." She led him into the bedroom. "The news is," she said, "that I've got to be humored. And if I don't like anything, it's got to be given away. It's not going to be born with a beak because its mother was afraid of a hateful monstrous bird."

"What?" said Jack.

"That's what," said Edna, smiling.

"A brat?" cried Jack in delight. "A boy! Or a girl! It's bound to be one or the other. Listen, I was afraid to tell you how very much I wanted one, Edna. Oh, boy! This is going to make everything very, very fine. Lie down. You're delicate. Put your feet up. I'm going to fix dinner. This is practice. Stay still. Oh, boy! Oh, boy! Or girl, whichever it happens to be!"

He went out through the living-room on his way to the kitchen. As he passed the window he caught sight of the parrot outside on the dark porch, and he put his head out to speak to it.

"Have you heard the news?" said he. "Behold, a father! You're going to be cut right out of the picture, my bird. You're going to be given away. Yes sir, it's a baby."

The parrot gave a long whistle. "You don't say so?" he said in a husky voice, a voice of anxiety, an astonishing imitation on Charlie's voice. "What about Jack?"

"What's that?" said Jack, startled.

"He'll think it's his," whispered the parrot in Edna's voice. "He'd be fool enough for anything. Kiss me, darling. Pheww-w-w! You don't say so? What about Jack? He'll think it's his, he's fool enough for anything. Kiss me, darling! Pheww-w-w!"

Jack went out into the kitchen and sat down with his head in his hands for several minutes.

"Hurry up!" cried Edna from the bedroom. "Hurry up, Father!"

"I'm coming," called Jack with a wince.

He went to his desk and took out a revolver. Then he went into the bedroom.

At the sound of the shot and the cry, the parrot laughed. Then, lifting its claw, it took the chain in its beak and broke it as if it were paper.

Jack came out, holding the gun, his hand over his eyes.

"Fool enough for anything!" said the parrot, and laughed.

Jack turned the gun on himself. As he did so, in the interval between the beginning and the end of the movement of his finger on the trigger, he saw the bird grow, spread its dark wings, and its eyes flamed. It changed and launched itself toward him.

The gun went off. Jack dropped to the floor. The parrot, or whatever it was, sailing down, seized what came out off his lame mouth, and veered back through the window, visible only for a moment as it swept its wings past the newly risen moon.

No Emotion

by

Mary Ann Zapor

I took out each page with loving care;
My writing to show a maiden fair.
Thought it would bring a tear to her eye;
About two lovers, that were to die.
Or the innocence of a sleeping child;
Describing the west with fury so wild.
Tried to make her chuckle at the joke,
I had added about the older folk.
Gave with pride my work, I had thought of selling;
Untouched, she started to correct my spelling.

Thought At 1:30 A.M.

by

Richard C. Schroeder

Why is it that whenever we argue, I can not sleep?
I mean, what gives you the right to make me an insomniac?
Who do you think you are?
You have got a lot of gall for such a little girl.
I don't need this, you know.
I can just pick up and go whenever I want.
This is it, I have had it.
Well, it's been a ball.
Maybe I'll catch you later, maybe not.
I wonder if I called her, would she still be mad at me?



Untitled

Harold W. Glenn

Siren Song

by

Virginia M. Neuner

I'd like to tell you about myself. This is probably the only way I'll get recognition when it is time to present my record to the King. I'm still not bad to look at, if one would only trouble to look my way. I'm exactly two feet four inches tall and I have lovely long, silky-green hair which I keep impeccably groomed with my cuttlebone comb while sunning myself in the early light. My figure is very good, I avoid all fattening vegetation and I'm still a trim 45 pounds — soaking wet. I will admit my complexion isn't what it used to be, but I blame that on the low water level and too much sunshine. Also, I've lost a scale or two from my tail and my voice does have a tendency to crack a wee bit on the high notes.

You can see that I'm trying to be quite honest and objective about this . . . even after all I've been through. But I cannot help saying, with all modesty, that I'm still quite a delectable fish. Oh, yes, you may have guessed . . . my name is Loreli.

I've lived in Catchaweeone Cove for almost two hundred years now. To get back to my trouble, one day as I was resting after a hard night of siren singing I was taken completely by surprise when a heavy net was thrown over me and I was brutally hauled aboard the most appalling boat I've ever seen. And, believe me, in my business I've seen quite a few! I could barely catch my breath in that horrible net. I flipped and flopped, but the harder I tried, the more entangled I became. Bruised and battered as I was, it was almost worth the pain when those silly fools disentangled me from the net. The incredulous, mouth-agape, looks on their stupid faces was better than all the screaming sailors I had led to doom in the past 100 years! One of the old ones bent over me for a closer look and I almost fainted from the odor of alcohol on his fetid breath. Most horrible of all the cannibal had been eating fish! I was really going to let him have it when I recalled my ancestor's parting words that one only had to play it cool, helpless, and dumb to hook the human male.

I gracefully faked a swoon with my shapely body slightly curved so that they could get the full effect of my pearly bosom, partially hidden by my silken tresses. I daintily propped one swelling, silver-scaled hip at a picturesque angle and, breathing rapidly, allowed one of my very best love-lorn moans to escape my pouted lips. True to form, the Young One overcame his initial surprise and tenderly lifted me in his arms. My usual revulsion at a human's touch was strangely replaced by a most pleasant sensation. I relaxed and peeked over his brawny shoulder to see his stupid companions still gaping in disbelief. My hero gently placed me on some sort of cushioned seat and asked in a whisper whether I wanted a drink of water! **That** almost made me giggle, but managing to contain my merriment I gave him the full effect of my silvery aquamarine eyes. That did it. He was lost to me like so many others before him. Young One left me and rejoined the others who by this time had recovered enough to babble and point in my direction. I closed my eyes and since they did not know my eyelids are transparent I was able to watch their every move.

A heated argument seemed to be brewing between Young One and Old Fetid Breath with much gesturing, shouting, and scowling. I thought

the human violence I had come to dread was about to erupt when another one, dressed differently from the rest, stepped between them. After a few firm words to the two of them, he walked over to where I was lying. I kept my eyelids down and tried not to move or aggravate him. I was shocked to recognize that he was unaffected by my beauty and I began to fear for my life. He stared at me for a moment and re-joined the others. He then mouthed some sort of command to the Young One and Old Fetid Breath. Young One protested violently but Fetid Breath broke into coarse, derisive, laughter. Young One's shoulders sagged and he looked at me again most piteously.

What happened after that has haunted my every conscious moment. Young One and Old Fetid Breath came to me and as I was roughly man-handled over the side of the boat, painfully scraping my lovely scales, Fetid Breath howled with glee, "Mermaid! The poor young arse can't even recognize a mackerel draped in sea weed when he sees one!"

Down, down, down into the sea I sank with my shame, but with renewed vengeance. Man will be made to suffer for scorning me and I will cover the bottom of the sea with their unbelieving bones!

by

Janna Heltman

Freedom —

I can't call you mine
None can own you —
few you claim companions
(the wind
the sky
the sea)
I could call you remote
I could call you my side
I could call you a child
 (of my heart
 and my dreams)
I could say you are all to me
 say you are breath to me
 say that you live in me
 (as unvoiced poetry
 on stormy
 moon-less shores)

But —

On lonely days sometimes
as we walk arm in arm
— Love looks away
 and
 I leave you.

Ouch!

by

Mark Wenning

Once, ahead of time, there was an emperor.

Harlan the Great ruled the entire solar system, from the gigantic energy beaming stations on Mercury to the cryrogenic laboratories on Pluto. He was a good ruler, and his subjects were a happy people.

But Harlan himself was not happy. Space was too civilized; there were no new frontiers for him to conquer, no new projects to be taken on. The stars were out of reach, at least by conventional space travel, and his kingdom had not yet produced a genius capable of creating a star drive.

Harlan brooded over this for many months, and finally, in desperation, had the problem fed into the palace computer. The machine whirred and buzzed, and finally after many anxious minutes, printed out an answer.

The Minister of Programming tore off the sheet of paper. "The Multi-vac has divided the problem into two parts, sire. First, it suggests exploration of the galaxy —"

"WHAT!" roared the emperor. "The most expensive computer in the solar system and all it can do is tell me to do the impossible? I'll have it dismantled and sold for junk! I'll —"

Harlan's faithful servant, Dirg, said in a small voice, "B-but s-sire, surely you would not wish to do this anyway! Where would your subjects be if you went exploring and left them here at the edge of the galaxy?"

The emperor stopped suddenly and stared at his manservant. "Dirg, you've hit upon it! I won't leave the solar system behind, I'll take it with me! And so began the greatest engineering project ever attempted: the moving of the entire solar system toward the galactic hub.

The second answer the computer gave? Biology. Unlocking the secrets of life had fallen into ill repute after the Android Uprising of 2089, and had been ignored for centuries. The computer had therefore picked this area as one that might hold some novelty yet undiscovered. Harlan never waited to hear it, so caught up in the space project was he. Later, when the Minister of Programming queried him about it, he impatiently scribbled out authorizations for a few research laboratories, then forgot about them and again immersed himself in his first project.

Many years later, after Harlan had grown old, rejuvenated, and grown old again, The Great Project (as it was called these days) was finished. On a glorious summer day (made so for the emperor, of course) Harlan gave the word that set the project into motion. The sun, tortured by magnetic beams generated on Mercury, spouted a jet of flame millions of miles into space, and began pushing itself and all its planets toward the galactic center, to wander for millions of years among the stars of the Milky Way.

But . . .

Harlan's scientists had miscalculated. The gases expelled by the sun came to surround all the planets of the Realm, and, being from the sun, were radioactive and caused disease among the people of the empire. One by one, the living things sickened and died, leaving the Wandering Empire of Harlan the Great empty and dead.

Almost empty that is. In several laboratories, long forgotten by the dead emperor, two organisms had been improved enough to survive in the radioactive waste. A rooster, and several hens, survived. And prospered, and fed on the other organism left, a type of brown rice selectively bred by the bio-labs.

Together, they grew, and multiplied, and populated the dead empire, and created one of their own.

You haven't guessed yet? The new Realm, wandering aimlessly through space, could be called nothing but:

"The Rice and Fowl of the Roaming Empire."

Mom And Dad

by

J. Caza

I know Love.

It hasn't always been this way.

Real Love is a continuous transition
That has so many faces it's hard to see,
and harder still to define.

But, I know Love.

I know caring and concern and working
And worrying. And I know crying and
Bitten tongues. I know laughter and
Smiles; I know happiness.

I know Love.

I know giving and giving and
Respecting and Accepting what is.

I know Love.

I know Love because I have seen Love.
I know Love because I have grown with Love.
I know Love because you have given me Love

I know Love because
now it surges through my veins.



Wood

Harold W. Glenn

Old Man

by

Laurie Lents

Hey old man what are you looking out that window for?
Isn't life worth living anymore?
You said it just doesn't seem right,
to be sitting here alone, just about every night.

The kids down the street,
throw rocks at your feet.
They bruise, batter and hurt your pride,
but old man that's no reason to stay inside.

Hey old man what are you looking out that window for?
Don't you know that life goes on some more?
You said it's not right to always be put down,
just because your mind isn't near as sound.

Hey old man what are you looking out that window for?
Don't you see what life has to offer anymore?
We all see ourselves in you but try to look away,
facing reality is hard to do each day.

Hey old man I know how you feel,
I've traveled that same road and know it is real.
Your children will look at you with disgust,
not understanding why you do what you must.

So old man don't just look at the world relive it once again.
See the beauty of clouds, bees and seashells in the sand.
Come on old man we've not much farther to go
we'll show those people that it's not really so.

Hey old man we'll give them hell
and show them they're blind just as well.
Because we are living together as two,
in our world that we both sadly went through.

So old man let's take out the window and put in a door,
so we won't be looking through it anymore.
And people will know we really love life,
because you have at sixty-three asked me to be your wife.

Haiku

by

Janna Heltman

Smoke rising slowly
fragments of life, scraps of dreams
time passing quickly

The Wife of Bath: View of a Liberated Woman

by

Connie Van Camp

The Canterbury Tales, written by Geoffrey Chaucer, provides our world with a vivid description of the life and times of the fourteenth century. It was a world alive with chivalry, fair young maidens, and a church which dominated all of England. Through his characters, in **The Canterbury Tales**, Chaucer reflects this world into flesh and blood. He has made himself a painter of life, for he had an immense enthusiasm for life itself, and always tried to find the good which lies in it.

Perhaps one of the most vivid, "indubitably the most vigorous of Chaucer's creations,"¹ is the Wife of Bath. She represents something much larger and more important than herself. She is "the remarkable culmination of many centuries of an antifeminism that was particularly nurtured by the medieval church."² In essence, she represents the feminist liberated woman of her time. A symbol of those few women who scorned the Church and all of its doctrines on women and the holy estate of matrimony.

Chaucer delights in the Wife of Bath, for there is nothing else quite like her. "She breathes a different air, and inhabits a different world: so at least we feel as we hear her vigorously defending her very earthy thesis that marriage is lawful and that within it authority should be wielded, or rather flourished by the wife."³

The character of Alisoun is energetically real and individual even in her boisterous manner of speech. And when once started talking, cannot be stopped until her point has been well made. In some of these lines, the Wife of Bath reflects Chaucer to the core.

But Lord Christ! Whan that it remembereth me.

Upon my youthe, and on my jolitte
It tikleth me about myn herte roote
Unto this day it dooth myn herte boote
That I have hadd my world as in my tyme.³

But more important, the Wife of Bath had a mind as keen as a sword and well could she defend her tale. She had an answer for almost anything.

There were still other areas which set her apart from other women of her time, and those who were in her party. For the Wife of Bath was an expert weaver. "Of cloth making she hadde swich an haunt. She passes hem of Ypres and of Gaunt."⁵ For in the rural area of Bath the women were noted for their skills in weaving. In his own way Chaucer satirizes in saying that the Wife of Bath surpasses even the superior Flemish weavers.

But it was her skills in weaving that caused her to demand first place in the offering on Sunday.

That to the offring bfore hire shold goon,
And if ther dide, certain so wroth was she
That she was out of alle charitee.⁶

"For importance in the community determined the order in which parishioners went to the altar to make their alms and obligations."⁷

Adding to her independence was her love for travel, which carried her, sometimes to far-off lands.

And thries hadde she been at Jerusalem;
She hadde passed many a straunge streem;
At Rome she hadde been, and at Boloigne,
In Galice at Saint Jame, and at Coloigne:
She coude muchel of wandring by the waye.⁸

Chaucer admired the Wife of Bath for the pilgrimages she took. In a way they added to her, making her more interesting a person. All this, her pride, her skills in weaving, and boisterous speaking help to individualize the Wife of Bath making her more liberated.

But even more so than her liberated skills or boisterous speaking, was her outlook on marriage in which she professes to be an authority. "Experience, though noon auctoritee Were in this world, is right ynough for me To speke of the wo that is in marriage."⁹

And so in her prologue to the tale she will tell, she speaks to us of her experience with gentlemen callers, which had begun when she was only twelve years old. "For lordings sith I twelf year was of age."¹⁰

By the time she was fourty years old, Alisoun had been wedded five times, "Housbondes at chirche dore I have had five (If I so ofte mighte han wedded be), And alle were worthy men in hir degree."¹¹

It is in her prologue also, that she describes for us the five gentlemen she has been married to. She had picked the best she could (quite different from our custom of the man picking the woman out.) And from these men she took all that she could.

The first three husbands were quite easily dominated, for they submitted quickly to her governance. The fourth husband she describes as a scoundrel. For him she had made life on earth a living hell. It was when she was married to her fourth husband that she had made many of her pilgrimages. On the return home from Jerusalem she found her husband dead. And at his funeral, following his bier was the man who was destined to become her fifth husband.¹²

She had married Jenkyn, who was twenty years her junior, not for riches, as she had the others, but for love. And it was with this man that Alisoun claimed to be the happiest. Jenkyn had been a clerk and in his work he read many books. The Wife of Bath learned much of the world of literature from her fifth husband. For often he would read to her, especially from work which slandered women. Some of these works included the story of Eve, and all the evil she brought to the world for taking a bite from the fruit of the forbidden tree. He also read to her of Delila, who through greed and wickedness had cut off all of Samson's hair, causing him to have his eyes put out. There even was a story of "Clytemnestra, that for wantoness trecherously caused her husband's death."¹³



5:30 A.M.

Jim Wilson

These readings must have made an impression on the Wife of Bath. Because more than ever she wanted total domination over this husband.

It wasn't until one day though, that he had hit her so hard for tearing a few pages out of one of his books, that he thought he had killed her, did he finally submit to her domination. This blow on the ear was also the reason the Wife of Bath gave for her deafness.

In telling her readers of her five husbands, the Wife of Bath proves, through action, her thesis that all women desire to have sovereignty over their husbands. She professes to the listeners, "obedience is not my duty, but the husbands."¹⁴ For,

Men are no match for women, anyway. Let them sink back to their proper level, and cease their ridiculous efforts to maintain a position for which they are not fit. Then marriages will all be happy. Otherwise there is no hope for anything but misery in wedlock.¹⁵

Another important theme in the prologue to the Wife of Bath's tale, is her defense of the right to be a woman, and to be able to marry more than once.

If was the teachings of the Church at that time, that women must submit to the dominance of their husbands. Alisoun dispised the ideals of the Church and looked in contempt on anyone who aspires it. Even though Chaucer was a devout Christian, he "expresses a number of ethical and religious concepts of the fourteenth century in the course of **The Canterbury Tales** usually without 'taking sides'."¹⁶

Chaucer allows the actors to state what they themselves think of the ideas. The Wife of Bath uses satire and humor to argue the merits of the holy estate of matrimony and virginity. Even though she was aware of the Church's claims that "virginity to be a greater good than the most virtuous of marriages."¹⁷ She was also aware of the Church's belief that all women were considered to be nothing more than lecherous monsters and indomitable shrews.¹⁸

There were even legal restrictions, no doubt imposed by the Church, on the women of the Middle Ages. Some of these restrictions permitted the husband to openly chastize his wife. Other laws considered the wife to be no more than mere property of the husband, and that the husband was the lord and master of his home.¹⁹ Alisoun scorned these laws, and any others which put down the female sex. Making her the exception and not the rule.

But when defending her right to remarry, the Wife of Bath could find no law in the word of God demanding virginity.

Where can ye saye in any manere age
That hye God defended marriage
By express word? I praye you, telleth me.
Or where comanded he virginitee?²⁰

She professes that Abraham and Jacob had more than two wives. Even King Solomon had many many women. Alisoun cannot understand why people condemn her for having only five husbands.

But in her defense, though she could not find any text to dispute her right to remarry, she finds this:

God bad us for to wex and multiplie:
That gentil text I wel understonde.
Eek wel I woot he saide that myn housbonde
Sholde lete fader and moder and take to me,
But of no nombre mencion made he —
Of bigamy or of octogamy:

Why sholde men thanne speke of it vilainye?²¹
In these few lines the Wife Of Bath summarizes her whole defense on the right to remarry, the right to be a liberated woman.

It is in her tale that the Wife of Bath enforces her thesis with a story of a young knight in King Arthur's court. Except for King Arthur, the young knight was the only male in the story. In this way:

Dame Alice is able not only to prove conclusively the value of woman's sovereignty, but also to pay her respects to a world of men that had preached antifeminism, a world here represented by a single rapist.²²

In her tale the Wife of Bath tells of a young knight who commits the unchivalric act of raping a young maiden. For this, King Arthur sentenced the knight to loose his head.

In their sovereignty over the king, the queen and her ladies beg for the life of the young knight and King Arthur submits. Now the fate of the knight's life lies in the sovereignty of the queen and her ladies. They ask him to search far and wide for the answer to their question, "What thing is it that women most desiren."²³

The answer he finds from an old and ugly hag. It is she who tells him, "Women desire to have sovereyntee As wel over hir housbonde as hir love, And for to been in maistrye him above."²⁴ When he returns with this answer, the queen and her ladies are pleased. They allow him to go, hoping that maybe he had learned something from his journey. But the old hag returns also and declares that the young knight promised her anything, and the thing which she wants most is to be the young knight's wife. "For a woman must first secure the man before she can offer her alternatives."²⁵ In this way the tale goes from a generally accepted theory into the practice of one woman achieving first sovereignty then happiness in marriage. But like most men of her time, and even today, the knight was appalled at the ugliness of his wife, making his life miserable for the rest of his days. The old wife asks not only to be his wife but his love to, and for this love she will solve his problem. And the knight having no other alternative leaves his fate once again in the hands of a woman. Now she has sovereignty over her husband and is happy. So she gives him what he would like a beautiful wife.

And so Alisoun's thesis has been proved. She has supported her claims that a marriage can only be happy when domination is held by the woman.

In summary it is found that the Wife of Bath lived the life she preached. She was an individual and a boisterous, determined, liberated woman. She supported the female sex through her prologue and tale, the knight representing all men of her time, and the old hag, who is much

like Alisoun, represents the liberated woman. Alisoun herself could be said to be in our time a feminist. But in all she was as G. L. Kittredge said, the "Wife of Bath is one of the most amazing characters that the brain of man has ever yet conceived."²⁶

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FOOTNOTES

¹Wayne Shumaker, "Alisoun in Wander-land: A Study in Chaucer's Mind and Literary Method." **Discussions of The Canterbury Tales**, ed. Charles A. Owen, Jr. (Boston: D. C. and Company, 1961), p. 66.

²Abrams, M. H., and others, **The Norton Anthology of English Literature**, 3rd. ed. (New York: W. W. Norton and Company Inc., 1974), p. 142.

³Shumaker, p. 66.

⁴Abrams and others, p. 147.

⁵Abrams and others, p. 115.

⁶Abrams and others, p. 115.

⁷Muriel Bowden, **A Reader's Guide to Geoffrey Chaucer**. (New York: The Noonday Press, 1964) p. 126.

⁸Abrams and others, p. 115

⁹Abrams and others, p. 142.

¹⁰Abrams and others, p. 142.

¹¹Abrams and others, p. 142.

¹²John S. P. Tatlock and Percy MacKaye, **The Complete Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer**. (New York: The Free Press, 1966), p. 165.

¹³Tatlock and Mac Kaye, p. 169.

¹⁴George Lyman Kittredge, **Chaucer and His Poetry**. (Cambridge, Mass: Harvard University Press, 1967), p. 188.

¹⁵Kittredge, p. 188.

¹⁶Bowden, p. 40.

¹⁷Bowden, p. 40.

¹⁸Abrams and others, p. 142.

¹⁹Bowden, p. 127.

²⁰Abrams and others, p. 144.

²¹Abrams and others, p. 143.

²²Abrams and others, p. 163.

²³Abrams and others, p. 164.

²⁴Abrams and others, p. 167.

²⁵Charles A. Owen, Jr. "The Crucial Passages in Five of **The Canterbury Tales**: A Study in Irony and Symbol." **Discussions of The Canterbury Tales**. ed. Charles A. Owen, Jr. (Boston: D. C. Heath and Company, 1961), p. 80.

²⁶Kittredge, p. 189.

Michael At Thirteen

by

Gerald S. Richards

Dripping,
He steps from the shower,
A youthful Mr. Clean.
Rubs the fluffy towel across his chest
And hurries down the hall,
Leaving lean, wet footprints
Despite a hundred admonitions.
Disappears into his room
Far much too long for a school day,
Then reappears in faded jeans
And tattered shirt, carefully chosen.
Finds his shoes behind my easy chair,
Squirms into them.
Pours milk
And joins me at the table.
Stares impishly —
"Dad, I'm late.
Do you suppose you could drop me off?"

"Genesis"

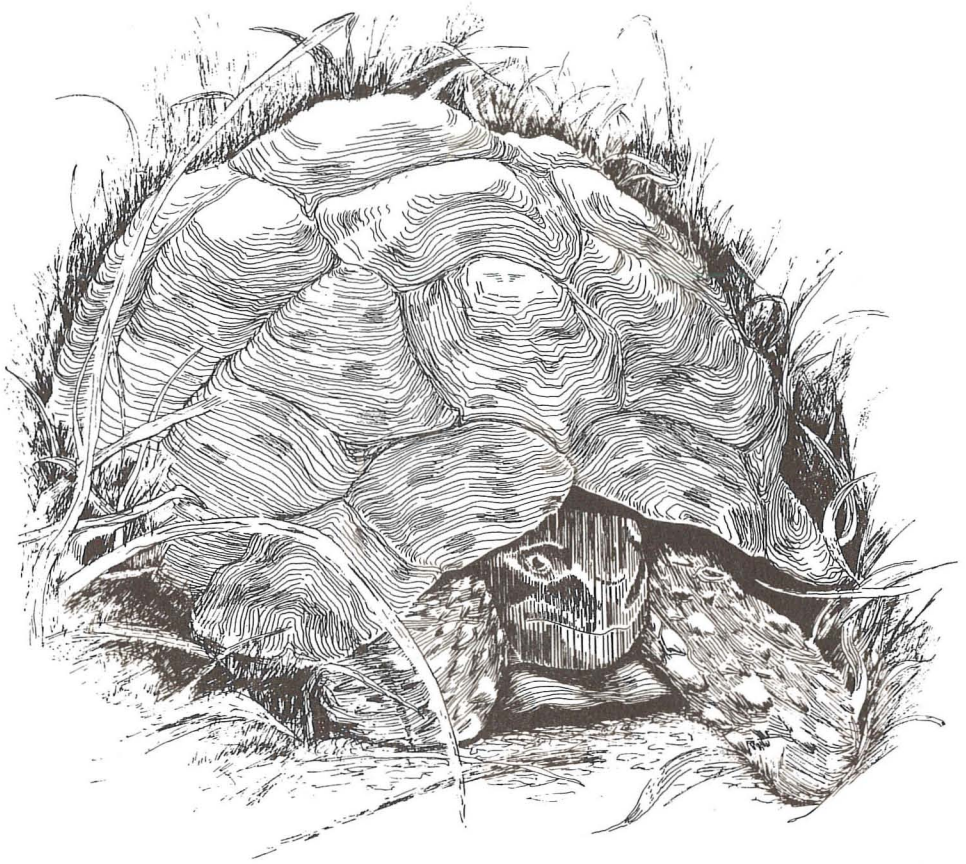
by

Marjorie Sawyer

When the Lord God walks in His garden.
In the cool of the day
I hear his voice and hide
For I am ashamed and naked

I have butter for my bread
My brother has no bread
My bed has two blankets
His child has no cover
My warm house holds comfort
His shelter is empty, cold
I weep, I pray for him.

In the day my Lord walks in his garden
And calls to me, to know why I am hiding,
Will my tears, my prayers, hide my nakedness?



Slow but Sure (pen & ink)

Alan Ameel

Variations of Violence

by

S. Van Der Maas

Today violence has gained much popularity, as a means of communication and as a mode of expression. Violence is used in many ways; in the fields of entertainment, where it has raised much controversy; literature and unfortunately, as a way of life. People direct acts of violence toward varied things: other people, objects or even themselves. "The Destructors" by Graham Greene, "That Evening Sun" and "Barn Burning" by William Faulkner all display violence in the three basic viewpoints: that of the recipient, that of the performer of the violent act (or acts), and that of the intermediate.

By far, the most peculiar and interesting aspect of violence is presented by Graham Greene in "The Destructors." In it he shows the pride and dedication that is achieved by a group of boys in their total destruction of a house. The violent act of razing the house is not presented in the primitive, instinctive manner commonly associated with violence. Instead, the violent act is fashioned in a very sophisticated manner; even to the point of becoming artistic. Great pride and satisfaction is gained from the destruction for the reader as well as the boys, because they accomplish a feat, they create an event, in a very private sense. In doing so they also reached a height in humanity and principle by the way in which they provided the owner of the house with meager comforts during his captivity in the outhouse; and the manner and method by which they worked.

"Barn Burning" employs violence as a key to the personality of its major character, Abner Snopes. Violence is a way of life for Snopes, it is an aura that has formed and will stay with him for the remainder of his days. It is not a striking feature, however, it is subtle and its message is conveyed in a very quiet way. This quiet form of violence makes the reader aware of the impact he has on his immediate environment; the reactions of the mules to their whipping, the reactions of the boy to his harsh treatment as he exits the courtroom at the beginning and when his father hits him. Reversely, his environment also has the impact on Snopes. His social standings, hard luck and clashes with the law have all had profound effect on the personality of Snopes in regard to his degree of violence.

In "That Evening Sun" violence is accompanied by terror, unlike that displayed by "The Destructors" or "Barn Burning". "That Evening Sun" presents the implied acts of violence in a light of dread and fear. In the story violence is meant to be painful, and that pain is to be long lasting. This is the feeling conveyed through the fear of the servant, Nancy, of the return and suspected presence of her former lover, Jesus. Her fear is well founded if her assumption is correct that Jesus has returned to murder her.

A goal is set and achieved in "The Destructors." The erection of a goal for a gang of lower class boys was indeed something new and even newer was achieving it. As a consequence, they developed an interest and methodology in their task which brought about a great sense of pride and happiness at the completion of that task. This act of destruction

displayed that there was an ability to be found in a group of toughs, therefore, the destruction of the house was beneficial to the personalities of the boys.

Drastically different is the violent nature of Snopes. Superficially, his violent acts could be attributed to his position as a father and the natural superiority over the animals; thus, violence can be found in natural things, the simple act of discipline and human rank over animals. A factor common to both Snopes and Nancy is their low social standing. The raw realities found in both situations tends to increase the presence of their status. The motive behind Jesus' violence in "That Evening Sun" is probably that of revenge; easily understood and perhaps even common among those of low standings.

Although violence has been explored in regard to the ordinary and bizarre there is much in between that is yet to be understood. No longer can violence be regarded as a brutal beating or broken objects. Violence can be as diverse as love. Just as there are different forms, different degrees, and different reasons for love, there are different forms, different degrees and different reasons for violence, also.

Baseball; Saturday Afternoon (Of Today And Yesterday)

by

Donn Edward Arnold

in a field close by
while into my late breakfast
i thought of you as
i do each moment that
lives.

boys in that field close by
playing baseball; my days
come to my mind. those
days found me swinging a bat,
fielding a ball, sliding
home: safe.

my heart sees my younger days
not as passed by, but tagging
along even now: and so
in the future this day's sun
will bring.

Haiku

by

Connie Scofield

The beauty of flight
Rising soaring into love
Love deserves freedom



Placidty (Ross Board)

Sandy Campbell

Our Fault

by

William Nesbitt

Quit passing the buck. "They" are not responsible for our troubles, we are. The turmoil that exists in America today is not "their" fault; it is our fault, we are to blame for it all.

Recently, our nation has been involved in war and plagued by a political storm, faced an energy crisis and a food shortage, and at the same time had our environment threatened. Now, we are in the midst of an economic crisis, a depression accompanied by inflation. Through it all we, the main stream of America, have saved face by blaming "them". It is time to stop; it is time to face the facts; it is time to place the blame where it belongs.

It was easy to blame the industrial-military complex for Viet Nam. Watergate was the fault of the politicians. Industry polluted our air and waters, while robbing us of our resources. Big business caused inflation. As quickly as a crisis develops, we invent a villain. How stupid we are!

Examine the past. In 1964 PT boats attacked an American naval vessel in neutral waters. The American public was up in arms. We demanded action. The President, conscious of public opinion, sent more of our military into Viet Nam. Congress, also aware of the public sentiment, supported the President's action. Enlistments into the armed forces increased; over-seas quotas were filled with volunteers. We'd teach those communists. A little war might be fun. Ten years later we were still at war. The fun was gone. Everyone hated the war. It was "their" fault. We blamed the military; the military blamed Congress; Congress blamed the President, and the President blamed his predecessor. It has even been said that the Gulf of Tonkin incident was staged, so as to provoke America. This may be true, but, in 1964 "we" didn't care. We did not search for the truth. We only cried for revenge.

For years Americans have demanded bigger and better cars, color televisions, time saving appliances, wonder fabrics, miracle drugs and full employment. Industry responded to "our" demands. We demanded more. Industry expanded to satisfy our ever growing "wants". We changed zoning laws, and lowered standards to entice industry to move into our cities. Then we had the nerve to blame "them" for filling our air with smog and our rivers with slop. We cursed General Motors, as we drove our smog producing monster a block to the store for cigarettes. Probably the greatest hypocrisy of all time is a bumper sticker that reads, "Get a Horse."

While industry destroyed our environment, we grew into a nation of two car families. The driveways of America became flooded with automobiles, so as to make room in our garages for snowmobiles, motorcycles, speed boats and motor homes. We replaced power mowers with garden tractors, and snow shovels with snow blowers. Then when the energy crisis hit, we blamed industry, industry blamed government, and the government blamed the Arabs.

For the past year we have been immersed in Watergate. That dirty rotten Nixon did it! Damn the Republicans! Talk to the man on the street,

he never trusted "Tricky Dick". Yet, unbelievably, since we never trusted him, Richard M. Nixon was re-elected by the largest majority in our nation's history. Even when the story of Watergate was first revealed, our initial reaction was "so what, didn't all the politicians do it?" No! No politicians were crooked until we allowed them to be. We expected "dirty politics", and they did not disappoint us.

It is unbelievable that the people of any nation could be so stupid. But, look at us. We created unions so that, united, we could demand and receive higher wages for less work. A year ago we were ready to strike for a four day work week at five days' pay. Now, today, we blame "them", the unions and big business, because the American dollar is inflated currency. Despite the fact that we were making more and more money, we still couldn't buy all that we wanted. So, we applied for Magi-cash, credit cards and charge accounts. It was great. We could spend more than we earned. It is now time to pay, the price is called recession, and it is their fault.

Wake up, Americans. Shoulder your share of the blame. We are here, where we are today, through our own fault. The problems that we face will not be resolved until we accept the total responsibility for them. America's problems were created for the people, of the people, and by the people. They can not be solved by the Government nor by industry, but, they can and must be solved by the people.

Hate: A Disease

by

Patricia Rhadigan

The vilest, most deadly disease of mankind can be triggered by a mere spurt of anger. If controls are not present within a human organism to destroy it at its origin, the virus of this disease will spread from the Id, permeate the cerebrum, infect the cranial, spinal and peripheral nerves, then sow its destruction throughout the body. The name of this most dreadful disease is Hate.

The growth of bitterness, distrust, pessimism, alienation and the eventual degeneration of his personality symptomizes Hate in an individual and, although the destruction of even a single human being is indeed tragic, the real impact of this disease is felt when it is allowed to spread throughout an entire society. The most emphatic epidemic of Hate in recent years resulted in the attempt by the Nazi regime to annihilate the Jews.

Even now, in America, the effects of Hate are evident. When a president is murdered, when two presidential candidates are gunned down, when war is claiming the lives of young men, when four college students are shot on campus, who, then, can deny the agonizing threat of an epidemic here, in our own society? And who can dispute the symptomatic evidence which permits the classification of this emotion as a disease?

For, as anemia weakens the body, so Hate weakens the soul;
as cirrhosis degenerates an organ, so Hate degenerates the
power of reasonability;

as an embolism obstructs the flow of blood, so Hate obstructs
clear thought;

as sclerosis hardens body tissue, so Hate hardens the heart;
as ankylosis causes rigidity in a bony joint, so hate causes the
rigidity of emotions;

as cancer replaces healthy tissue with abnormal, sick tissue,
so Hate replaces a healthy mind with an abnormal, sick mind;
as diabetes causes insatiable hunger for unusable food and
water, so Hate causes the same hunger for spiteful words and
hostile behavior.

As manic depression is volent, as narcolepsy is dulling to the
senses; as leprosy is repugnant; SO IS HATE!

A Change For Better Or Worse?

by

Gary Sharrow

The paint had peeled off over half of the bricks. The buildings on main street looked their age: old. Along the waterfront the wooden piers were now cracked and waterlogged, yet the ferry still tied her ropes around their splintered heads.

When one first entered St. Clair, the old buildings, the small parks along the river, the neatly trimmed homes and the general smallness of the town would give one the impression of a peaceful, easy-going community. Almost everyone knew everyone which helped to develop a friendly image that usually envelopes a small town.

The stores themselves weren't much to look at, but they had almost everything a person would need. And if they didn't, Port Huron was a bearable short distance away (especially when gas was only around twenty to twenty-nine cents a gallon.)

St. Clair consisted of a couple gas stations, some grocery stores, two drug stores, a dime store, clothing store, Toyland, hardware store, appliance store, a theatre, and an ice cream place. The oldest of these stores, the appliance, hardware, dime store, drug stores, and ice cream place were built around 1885-1900. Though they often changed names they were kept up well. The 1920's brought the theatre, Toyland, a clothing store, and a supermarket. Today, none of these buildings are in their original frame or site. There was also a boat launching site with a park and swimming dock nearby. These places, as for their folks before them, were the meeting place or hangout of the town's kids. St. Clair, to be described best, was a town of slow progression with an air of friendliness surrounding it.

Slow progression soon changed to fast-paced renewal. The question of urban renewal had two sides strenuously opposing each other: the

businessman for it, with the resident against it. Nice homes along the route of the renewal program were also to be torn down. This angered many people who thought it was a waste of good property. But the usual trend appeared and the affluent people (businessmen) had their way.

The destruction began in the spring of '69. The parks with their big pine trees and the stores along the riverfront were the first old features of the town to go. Then the other side of the street came down which included everyone's favorite place, Burgess Ice Cream. The destruction continued further inward from the river as the well-kept houses on the city block were turned into rubble. The swimming place on the river was now gone along with many a persons' memories.

The urban renewal committee promised the people of St. Clair a new wooded park on the river, a new boat harbor, a new old folks home, a protected mall with a new variety of stores that were to help bring people and money that would help put St. Clair on the map. St. Clair received its mall, harbor and other "improvements". In exchange for these "improvements", St. Clair lost its old appeal that some people considered more important than the new appeal.

Today, the only things that appear the same as they were before the wrecking crews hit St. Clair are that people still drive cars down main street, people still go to work and the church bell rings every hour. Except for a scattered store here and there (the stores, before renewal, were separated from one another and not located in the same area) the stores are now all together under one roof.

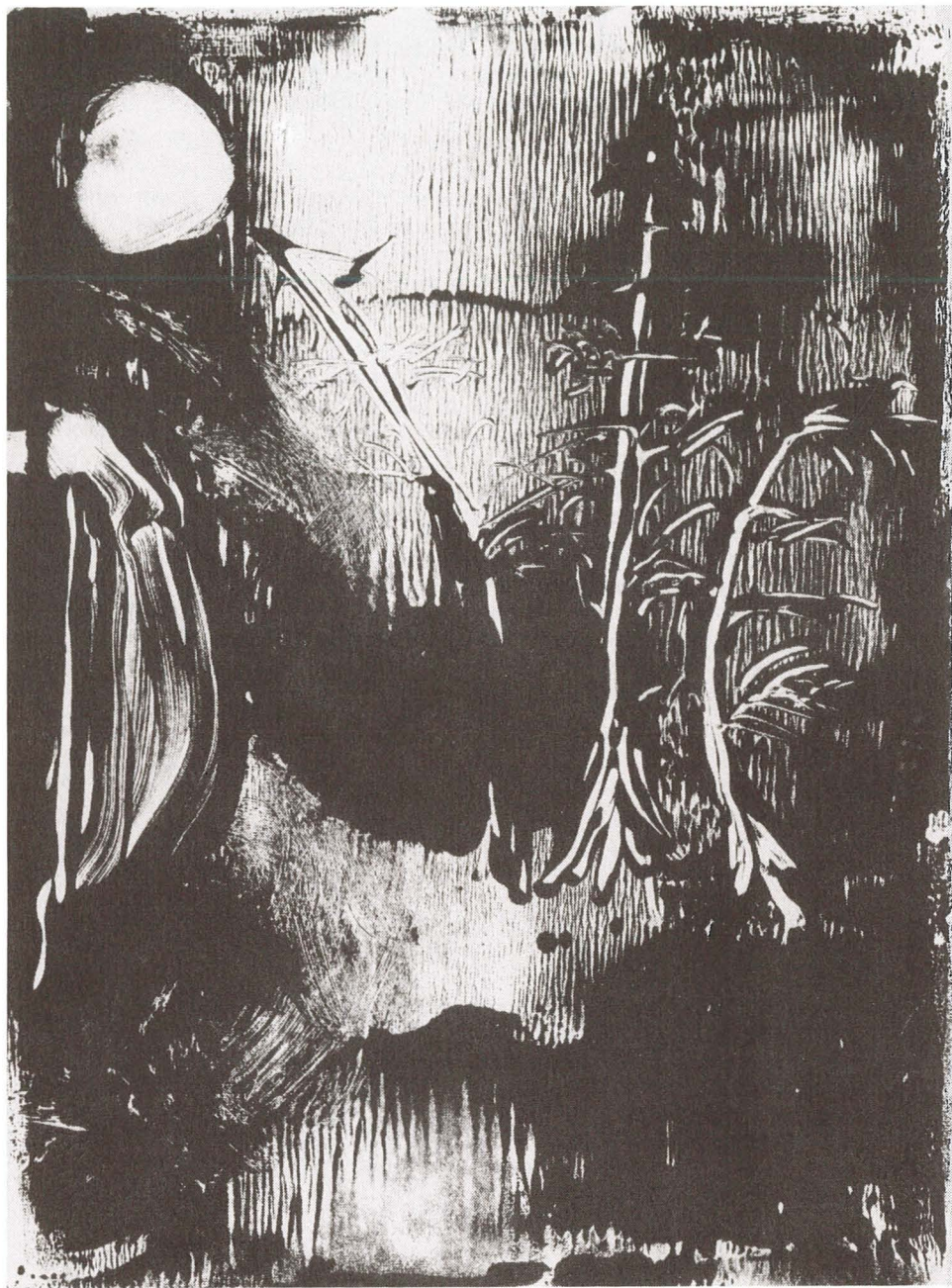
In the process of urban renewal, the developers were supposed to change the old stores that lined main street into new and better ones. And that is exactly what they did to St. Clair: cleared out the old buildings that lined main street and replaced them with new buildings that line main street. Only now they are all like one big building. This is what St. Clair consists of today.

Is it good or bad? Who gains or loses money, the businessman or the resident? Is it really worth it? These are just some of the questions asked about urban renewal.

Urban renewal was to give St. Clair new stores that would appeal to the people outside of town and cause them to bring their shopping income here. It gave us new stores alright; but on the outside only. The only new stores added are a clothing store and a restaurant. The rents in the new buildings are so high that it causes the prices in the stores to be high. Before urban renewal we had almost the same stores with lower prices.

Urban renewal also gave us a new park that was supposed to be wooded. There are trees on it, but it will take twenty years before they provide shade and beauty. Yet before the destruction, St. Clair had a couple of parks with mature trees and the grounds were kept up better than the new park is now. The urban renewal did give St. Clair a boat harbor that has turned out to be very useful, and an old folks home that is convenient for the elderly. But other than that, all the urban renewal did was to give the same businesses a costly new facade and space to continue with their businesses as they had before.

St. Clair received attention for its change, but it did not receive the profit or the rush of people it expected. The sad facts are that urban renewal changed its old, peeling bricks for new ones, and nothing more.



Untitled (monoprint)

Fred Chernenko

Helping Hands

by

S. Feldhus Tesluk

What thoughts enter the mind upon an examination and analysis of the hands? Most individuals are curiously apathetic toward such valuable extremities. Adjectives utilized for describing the hands are uniformly unimaginative: big, little, short, fat, long, skinny, white, tan; undeniably ineffective modifiers for such laudable implements.

Hands are also the renowned victims of many mundane phrases such as: "caught with the hands in the till", to define a theft; "lend me a hand", when assistance is required; or "we won hands down", a rather dubious way of proclaiming oneself a winner. Let us investigate the less obvious feats our hands habitually perform.

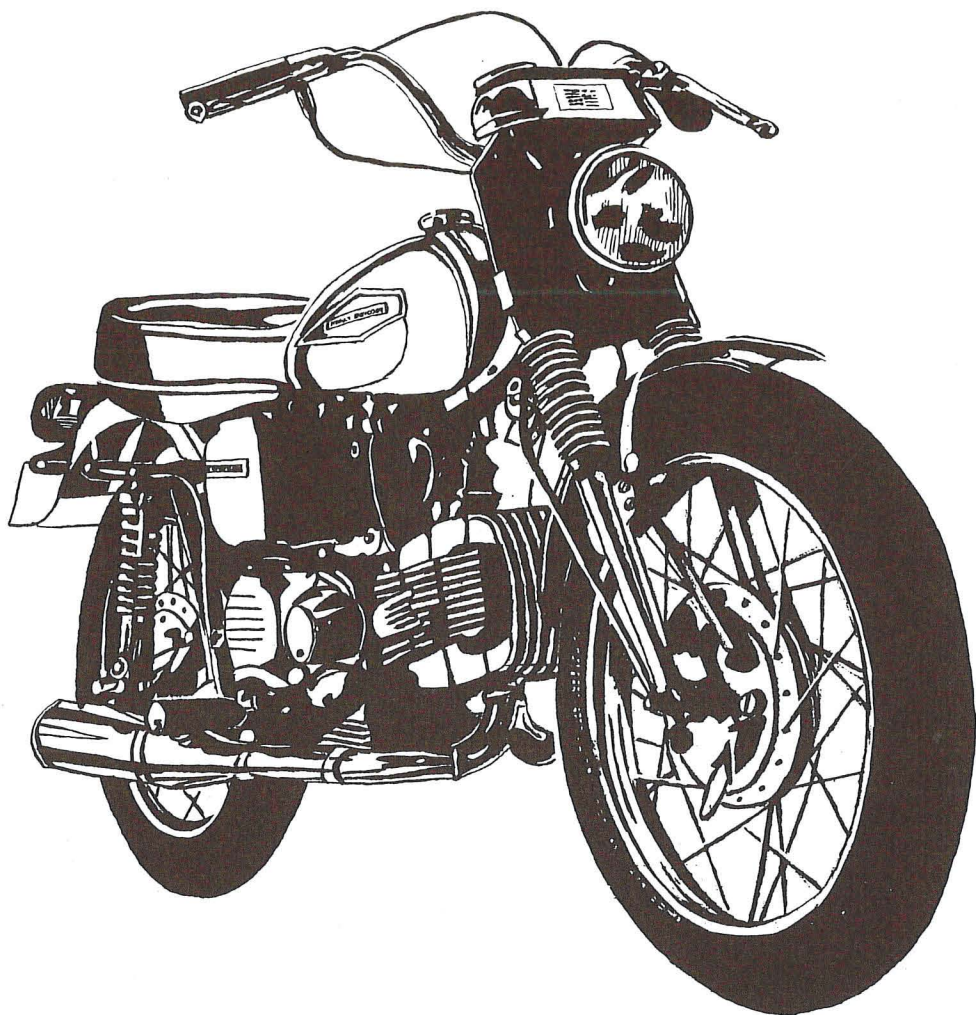
Accepted universally for their ability to work, hands amicably accomplish an assortment of tasks. Plunging valiantly into receptacles full of cleaning concoctions, hands help abate the amount of grime in their immediate environment. Hands are necessary to steer a wheel, grip a shovel, knit a sweater, manipulate a fork, or to maneuver a pen. Fortunately the hands willingly work overtime, anytime, at anything; never threatening to strike!

Ah, titillating hands, how seductively you beguile the body! Leisurely and lingeringly you run probing fingers over an exposed individual; rubbing, caressing, stimulating, suggesting; desirous of a fulfilling response. Becoming bolder, you urge, you tempt, you stroke, you seek and eventually find ultimate satisfaction; tingling from a mesmerizing encounter skillfully invoked.

What good Samaritans you are hands! Always willing to aid, to comfort, to facilitate yourselves for human need. A young boy falls; you pick him up, wipe away a tear, and apply soothing tranquillity to the sting of self-consciousness. Someone desires divine guidance! you fold for prayer, stretching reverently heavenward, vigilantly awaiting the permeance of inner strength and peace necessary to calm the distraught individual.

Have you noticed how proficiently your hands emulate your moods? They are cleverly adept at conveying the emotions of their manipulators. In joy, they clap; in frustration, they wring; in love, they flutter flippantly in the air; in peace, they fold calmy together; when bored they wriggle uncontrollably; when upset, they drum despondently on a flat surface: the list of employable expressions is endless; as diverse as the individual himself.

Hands are unquestionably delightful extremities: able to perform a variety of tasks upon command. Scrutinize your own two hands; then brazenly explore the numerous delectatious and dexterous capabilities at your fingertips.



Motorcycle (pen & ink)

Brian Harris

Miscegenation for Negro Survival

by

Terry L. Pack

Sickle cell anemia was first described in this country in 1910 by Dr. James B. Herrick as a hereditary blood disorder characterized by the presence of chronic anemia, jaundice, recurrent bouts of pain called "crisis", occasional growth retardation, an increased susceptibility to certain infections, a decreased physical capability, and occasionally a shortened life span. This blood disorder occurs as a result of the presence of genes for sickle cell hemoglobin inherited from both parents. The incidence of sickle cell anemia in Blacks in the United States is approximately one in six hundred. Some 50,000 or more Blacks are thus affected by sickle cell anemia in the United States.

"Sickle cell" refers to the shape of the red blood cells in the disease. Normal red blood cells are saucer-shaped or round. In sickle cell the cells are not round and plump, but many of them are long, pointed, and often curved, as in the shape of a sickle. Some people with sickle cell anemia have a lot of these sickle cells, others have only a few.

Sickle cell trait is a healthy state wherein one carries the gene for both sickle hemoglobin and normal hemoglobin. Rarely are there problems associated with sickle cell trait and for the most part individuals with sickle cell trait seldom, if ever, know they carry the sickle gene until tested.

The occurrence of sickle cell trait is approximately one in every ten Blacks in the country and numbers approximately two million individuals. In St. Clair County the occurrence of sickle cell trait is approximately seven out of 103 Blacks in the county. There are approximately four cases of sickle cell anemia in St. Clair County.

The disease occurs in nearly every country of the world. But most of the victims appear to be in Africa, the United States, Greece, Italy, India, countries of Central and South America, the Carribean Islands, and other Mediterranean countries.

The disease occurs in Blacks, but it has also been found in Puerto Ricans, Indians, Greeks, Turks, Italians, and other Whites. Very few cases have been reported in American Indians, Mexicans, or Oriental people.

Sickle cell anemia is more common among Blacks mainly because their ancestors lived in Africa where a deadly form of malaria was very common. There is no illness which affects one race that may not affect every race, but a disease may be confined wholly to a single race because of environmental factors. Nature often tries to protect people from a danger in their particular environment by changing their genes and traits slowly, over the centuries. In Africa, where epidemics of malaria wiped out great masses of people, the sickle cell trait was therefore beneficial. Sickle cell trait served as a protection against malaria.

Sickle cell anemia and sickle cell trait strike both men and women in equal numbers, and it strikes people of all ages, from infancy to old age.

One of the first parts of the body usually affected by sickle cell anemia is the skeleton. Infants often show some of the first signs of

damage from sickle cell anemia in their hands and feet. The child's parents may notice swelling of the tissue of the tiny hands and feet, or the joints may feel hot or look red. The child may show pain when the hand or foot is moved or pressure is put on it. At first, x-ray examination doesn't show anything to give a clue to the doctor, but after ten or fourteen days, x-rays will show bone damage. Usually the child is not left with any lasting deformity, but occasionally may have short thick fingers, or there may be calcium deposits that linger on.

A child may have a number of these attacks — doctors call it the hand-foot syndrome, but the attacks usually occur before age five, and almost never after age ten. In the adult there are also symptoms in the bones, but instead of the symptoms occurring in the hands and feet, the swelling, redness, and pain occur in the bones of the face, the arms, the legs, the shoulder blades, the breast bone, the ribs, and the spine.

Occasionally in children or adults, a severe infection — osteomyelitis — may set in because of the damaged bone.

Sometimes in older people the circulation becomes very poor, and the head of the thigh bone may become damaged where it fits into the hip joint. The joint becomes inflamed, the leg bone becomes damaged, arthritic changes set in, and the hip joint becomes quite deformed, with continuous pain and disability.

Despite the fact the disorder was first described in 1910, research and service activities in this problem did not receive adequate attention over the years. In February 1972, the President indicated that sickle cell anemia is a national health problem and as such included in his budget an additional five million dollars for research and service pertaining to this disorder.

When the budgeted money was received, scientists began to study sickle cell anemia more closely. They discovered that by injecting sodium bicarbonate in the vein during crisis, the cell would stop sickling. As time went on, doctors report the best results are found when the sodium bicarbonate is combined with magnesium by injections during a crisis.

One of the most recently developed treatments for preventing and treating sickle cell crisis is urea, a chemical made in the liver, but now synthetically made and available commercially. The chemical when given intravenously is able to reverse a sickle cell crisis. Dr. Robert Nalbandian, a pathologist at Blodgett Memorial Hospital in Grand Rapids, Michigan, persistently studied the possibility of urea being a cure for preventing sickle cell crisis and discovered that when urea is mixed with sugar and given orally the crisis could be prevented.

When two doctors at Rockefeller University in New York, Dr. J. Cerami and Dr. J. Manning heard about the effects of urea, they wondered whether the effects might be due to a substance called potassium cyanate that is found in urea when it is allowed to stand. When the cyanate was added to blood that had been taken from sickle cell anemia patients, it prevented 80 percent of the cells from sickling! In addition, the cyanate inhibited sickling in a concentration 50 to 100 times less than that of urea; and while the effect of urea is temporary, that of cyanate was permanent. Therefore, once cyanate has reacted with a red blood cell, it will not sickle for the rest of its life of several weeks.

Like urea, cynate is not a cure for sickle cell anemia, but is a treatment of the symptoms. The patient still has the basic underlying condition, but with the symptoms eliminated, he can go to school and to work.

A splenectomy is another method being studied, for treating sickle cell anemia. Because the spleen disintegrates old red blood cells, doctors felt by removing it, it would stop the disintegration of old red blood cells resulting in a lesser amount of red blood cells being distributed throughout the body.

ACTH, cortisone, and sodium citrate have sometimes produced dramatic clinical improvements in sickle cell crisis with complete disappearance of symptoms. These drugs can be taken orally instead of intravenously. They are inexpensive, have very few side reactions, and can be taken at home.

Sickle cell anemia will probably disappear because malaria has been controlled in Africa and because there are more drugs available commercially to combat the disease. If there are no other advantages for having sickle cell anemia, the gene should continue to decrease slowly.

Sickle cell anemia could also be disappearing because more Blacks and Whites are mixing. Interracial marriages have increased tremendously in the last few years. Of course, it is too early to tell what influence this may have on the future. It will probably take some 400 years before we know for sure whether interracial marriages have controlled the possibility of receiving characteristics of sickle cell anemia.

If the population would suddenly all intermarry, what would happen is that for several generations there would be very few people with the double genes causing sickle cell anemia because the likelihood of a Black marrying a White who has the trait is nil. So if every White would marry a Black and every Black would marry a White, there would be no sickle cell anemia for a couple of generations. But there would be a greater number of traits. Then as their off-spring began to marry . . . well, it gets very complicated and very theoretical. The only thing that could be done to make sickle cell anemia disappear immediately would be a massive intermarriage. Intermarriage between races is probably the most sane genetic remedy. The best way in which nature handles genetic problems in animals is by what is called "outbreeding," which is equivalent to our intermarriage. Survival of the best traits, of course depends upon survival of the organism — animal and man.

Haiku

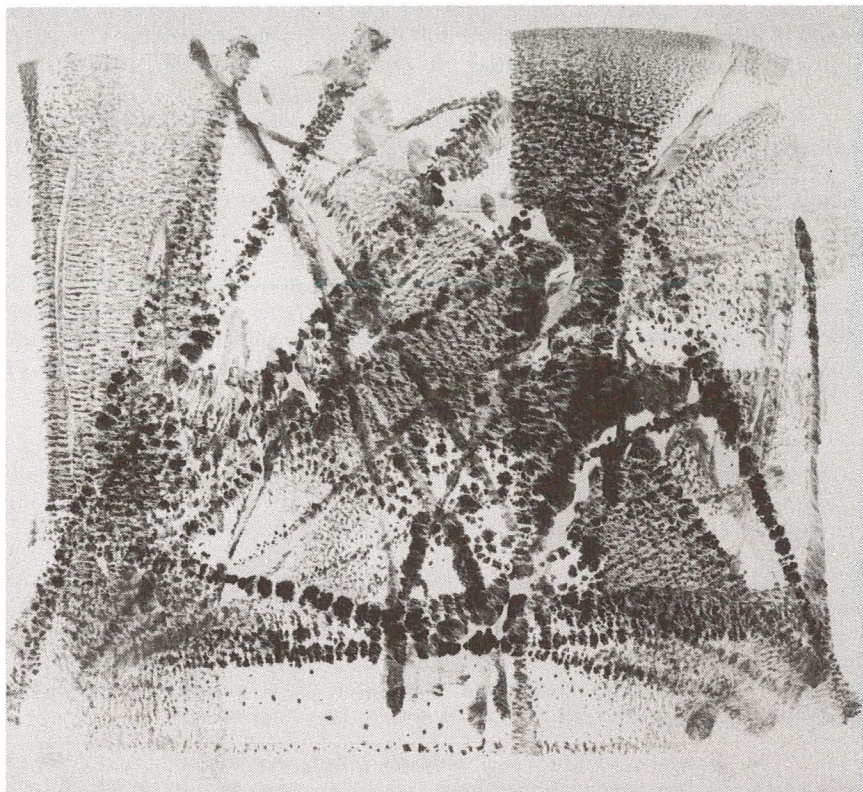
by

Connie Scofield

Fire and love

Burning glowing warming folks

Ashes and bodies grow cold



Jungle Jazz (monoprint)

Cheryl Jahn

The Hunter And The Prey

by

Judy Camden

The October sun felt hot as I drove out to Beards Hill. Beads of sweat trickled between my breast and welled up around my mouth. With the back of my hand I wiped them away. I was thinking I should have worn something lighter than the heavy blue turtleneck sweater I had on. Even my jeans felt sticky next to my skin. It was too late now, I thought, for I was there.

I parked my green Ford van in a little clearing just off the road . . . After the engine died and all was bathed in the cool silence of the woods, I sat momentarily thinking my husband would have an Irish fit if he knew I'd come here alone. A smile crossed my lips and I laughed to myself.

What was there to be afraid of? It was so quiet and peaceful. As I stood looking, the woods seemed to beckon me to enter. Soon the trees surrounded me as I walked deeper into the woods. Leaves and twigs crunched beneath my feet. There were tiny wet bogs in some of the lower lying places from the recent rain and I had to watch carefully to avoid stepping in them.

I walked on, going deeper and deeper. The sun had long since disappeared between gray clouds. It's funny, I thought, how the sun made everything so bright and inviting while the gray that now surrounded me made the woods seem foreboding. The trees reminded me of silent sentries keeping vigil. A chill went through me and I shivered. I sat down on a log to take a twig from my boot and then I heard it — footsteps — and they were very close.

It was not until I had called out to ask who was there that I began to feel panicky because the only answer was silence. I knew what I had heard. There was someone else here today and that someone wanted to remain hidden.

As I finished tying up my boot with shaking hands, I strained my ears to pick up another sound. I stood up and started to move away — there — I heard it again, footsteps in the dry leaves.

I had been right, I was being followed. Someone had watched me come here alone and had followed. Suddenly my quiet walk took on a new twist. I was panicky. I knew I would be no match for anyone. I only weigh a hundred pounds and would have a hard time defending myself. I rammed my hands into my pockets, looking for some type of weapon I could use. I found my car keys, a match and a pad and pencil.

Hysteria must have taken hold of me momentarily for the thought crossed my mind that I could write all over his face.

My mind raced, and I could feel the blood as it pounded in my temples. My only thought was to get out as fast as possible. I knew that I had been walking towards the river. If I could make the river, I could follow it to my car. Quickly, I started off in a fast run.

What if he had anticipated my move and doubled back to wait for me at my van? That would have to be a chance I'd have to take. I

stopped behind an old tree to catch my breath and listen. Whoever it was, still followed me.

I ran again, on and on, stumbling and falling over roots of trees and rocks. My throat felt hot and dry. I could hardly swallow. My legs ached and I discovered I was crying. Just like a woman, I thought and I cursed myself for it and for being so weak.

Again I was running. Surely the river wasn't far now. My lungs felt as if they would burst and I felt all rubbery inside. I fought back the urge to be sick. Over the pounding I realized was my heart, I heard the crashing footsteps racing after me. I listened and imagined horror as he drew near. I kept telling myself this only happens in books and TV, but this was real and it was happening to me.

A hot pain stabbed my thigh. I put my hand against it and felt something warm and sticky, blood from a jagged cut. I must have done it when I fell. There was no time to care for it now and once more I was running.

I could hear the river now and when I reached it, I plunged into the icy waters. I was so cold I thought I would lose consciousness. I grabbed at a tree root that stuck out of the washed-out river bank and waited.

Waves of nausea swept me. I took gulps of air to fight off the feeling that gripped me. Maybe if I stay here quietly, he will think I drowned and leave.

I could hear his footfalls come closer to where I was huddled. He was so close now, I could hear his heavy breathing. Something flew past my head and crashed against a rock protruding from the water. He had been drinking a bottle of wine. I was certain he could hear my teeth chattering as I huddled against the bank.

What seemed like hours was only minutes and I heard him start to move away towards the bridge. From there, it was certain he would see me. I pushed myself away from the bank and swam as quietly as I could to the opposite shore. Using my arms to drag myself up, I started to climb the wet bank. I put my face down on the ground panting in exhaustion. As I stretched out my hand to pull myself up, I discovered my hands were covered with blood. There was blood on my face where it touched the ground and on the front of my sweater.

I sat up unbelieving; there was blood all over the ground. Bright, glistening and fresh. He had killed someone. This was someone else's blood and I had it all over myself.

I wiped my face and hands on the sleeve of my sweater and let anger take over. My eyes burned like hot coals as I glared in the direction he had gone. I clinched my hands into tight balls against my sides. I would not surrender myself to this fate. I'd fight or I'd never get out of here alive.

After I regained myself, I listened again. I could hear the trees and the rustle of dry leaves in the branches. They seemed to be sighing softly.

It was starting to get dark. The sun had already set. How many hours had I been playing hide-n-seek with the hunter? That's what we were. He was the hunter and I was the prey.

I again entered the icy water. The banks would afford some protection from him. I hung close to the bank going ever so slowly. A big black crow sitting in a pine tree watched me from above, cawing out a maniacal laugh causing the hair on my neck to bristle. My nerves were raw. The muscles in my jaw were so tight, my teeth hurt. The shadows were deepening. I didn't want to be caught out here after dark. I was soaked and felt I would freeze to death before morning. I crawled again from my icy hiding place onto the bank.

My legs and arms were like lead. The only thing working was my mind and my desire for survival. The woods swallowed me up in its darkness and I felt grateful. I ran on numbly, tripping over a tree root sticking out on the path. I went sprawling through the air slamming my arm against the tree trunk. Pain shot through me. I rolled over on my stomach, wild with this new sensation.

Then I saw it — two brown eyes staring vacantly back at me. Between the eyes was a big gaping hole where a bullet had ripped into her brain. The brown hair was matted with blood. Where the body was supposed to be, there was none. A few feet away were two legs dismembered from the body. Entrails were scattered about the clearing. Set aside in an obvious neat pile were the heart and liver. I leaned against the tree and retched. I had fallen into what was left of a slaughtered deer.

I screamed and screamed, crying and running. I didn't care if he did hear me. Nothing could stop me from it. I ran blindly towards where my van was parked. I would never let him catch me now. I could hear him swear as he tripped over something. Run, run, I must keep running. Only a little farther, I urged myself. Once on the paved highway and free of the thicket and brush, I could run faster, even if I could be seen.

My van was still parked in the half light where I left it. I made it to the van and climbed quickly inside and locked the doors. My fingers were shaking so badly I had to force them to stop as I fumbled in my pockets for the keys. God help me, they were gone! I must have dropped them during my escape from the hunter. I couldn't believe it. I had eluded the hunter all this time only to be caught now.

I had to think. The extra set of keys . . . what did I do with them? Then I remembered. I had stuck them in the ash tray behind the back seat. I remembered the day I did it, thinking how clever I was. No one emptied ash trays.

My fingers found their hiding place and pulled out a set of shining keys. I managed to get them into the ignition and soon I heard the reassuring sound of the engine. I put the van in reverse and as I did, I looked into the rear-view mirror. The red glow of the tail lights picked up the face of the hunter momentarily. A face so filled with hatred because his prey had gotten away.

I was free . . . I had made it . . . I was alive . . . I had eluded the hunter.



Hooded Trial (monoprint)

Nancy Ketchen

Peace

by

J. Caza

The world is a confusing place to wake up and find yourself in. People are never what they seem to be, inanimate objects eternally change, and time is an evil he must learn to conquer. However, since life must be lived, (we have no other choice) let us spend our existence trying to make a straight path through the maze.

IT ALL SOUNDS SO DIFFICULT. HOW CAN ONE MAN EVER HOPE TO SURVIVE?

One man?

We are all one man. One man together, all of us. We will survive. We will survive and flourish if each lets another man be.

BE?

A very big word . . . letting someone be . . . Allowing someone the privilege of acting himself.

Real being is speaking and acting from the heart. There is no pretense involved. Letting someone be means accepting and loving him as is, and not trying to change him.

LIVING IS SCARY. THERE ARE NO CLEAR PATHS FOR US TO FOLLOW, AND IN THE DARKNESS WE MIGHT BECOME LOST. SOMETIME THE WAY IS SO DARK AND UNCLEAR WE'RE AFRAID TO VENTURE UPON IT.

But there is no harm in being afraid. Fear is natural — do not be ashamed. Only remember that when fear is allowed to dictate a soul, happiness can never exist there.

Realize your fears, and accept them. Keep them in mind as you walk on the road, and you will be more careful to watch for signs. — But never to walk on the road? Never to try to reach its end? Never to know the full glory of achieving?

LIFE IS LONG, AND HARD. ALREADY WE ARE WORN AND TIRED FROM COMING THIS SHORT DISTANCE. WE HAVE FALLEN MANY TIMES; OUR BODIES ARE BRUISED.

So put salve on the wounds and rub yourself with ointment. Stop and take the time to heal yourself.

And when you are well, and ready to begin once more — do not go so fast! Take time out to view all of the beautiful and wondrous sights. Stop and play with the animals of the forest. Learn to enjoy all that has been given to you.

Life is your eternity — it is always before you, but you must start living it now.

BIRDS ARE BEAUTIFUL, AND THE FOREST IS A HAVEN, BUT WHEN WE BECOME LONELY, WHAT THEN? NATURE CANNOT ALWAYS COMFORT US, CAN IT?

People can bring you comfort. People are a part of nature, and nature's boundaries are the universe, so comfort is everywhere, waiting for you to discover it. It is hidden deep in the smile of a child, or in the touch of a friend. Comfort is a welcome-home look. The bubbling of a spring. Comfort is found in strange places. Please, be humble enough to accept it.

THE TIME HAS COME NOW — WE ARE READY TO LEAVE. ALL THAT YOU HAVE SAID IS LOCKED INSIDE OUR HEADS. NO LONGER OUR MASTER, OUR INSTRUCTOR, OUR GUARDIAN, BUT A LOVED AND RESPECTED BROTHER. FAREWELL.

Boyhood

by

Gerald S. Richards

We treasure hours of summer talk,
And wish that we could spend our days
Like boys who swim in river pools
And sun themselves, lean and bronze
On polished rocks,
Waving boldly to the engineer
Of the morning freight that rumbles past,
Chasing each other,
Rolling naked in the tall green meadow grass,
Racing for the river,
Diving, splashing, sunning,
And talking summer talk.

Loneliness

by

Natalie Leonard

Loneliness is a word used by people who cannot find peace in looking at the sky, or watching the babbling brook skipping merrily over the rocks of the precious land, or watching a bird take flight on a clear summer day.

Loneliness is a state of mind found in people who cannot express to others their feelings.

Loneliness can be changed by someone who will be there when you need them, but in return you must be there when they call out to you.

Loneliness can be cured by a friend, but it can be subsided by faith; not only faith in god; but faith in oneself.



Outer Space (monoprint)

Carol LaRue

by
Liz Bajis

The corner's empty now.
The mute man died last week
Four days after his dog.

The corner's empty now.
No one stands there to greet us
After the three o'clock bell.

His curtains are closed
And his smiling face never greets us.

They said the corner's empty now.
But I had to know for sure.
I drove by last week
After the three o'clock bell.

His house looked empty.
The curtains were closed
His silence is now final.
And the corner will always be empty.

by
Janna Heltman

I remember too well
these streets and houses . . .
they stir a sadness
deep in my soul,
causing distant days
to seem so near.
These bells ring on,
these crumbling sidewalks remain,
these trees have grown and shed
the leaves of nineteen years.
All endure —
through countless changes,
countless tears.

The Role Of Babytalk In Speech Development

by

Connie Scofield

Speech is one of the most important tools that humans possess. It is the thesis of a paper published by the Special Education Service of Port Huron Public Schools that we are not born with speech but with the potentiality for learning speech, and will develop speech skills only if exposed to speech. Learning speech is a very important and complex process in the development of a child. James Deese, in **Psycholinguistics**, points out the most important factors in learning speech: they are biological and social. Biological factors include the central nervous system, the vocal system, and the hearing system. Social factors include class, culture, and environment. One very important aspect of environment is the prime model, who is usually the mother. The prime model plays a very important role in the development of the child's speech, and she is usually an amateur speech teacher who relies on instincts or automatic reactions. These instincts and automatic reactions usually involve her imitation of the child and, therefore, baby talk.

It is the assumption of some people that babytalk is a deterrent to intellectual growth. That is, some people think that a parent's imitation of childish sounds or language is not necessary, and in fact is a handicap to speech development and intellectual growth. The intention of this paper is to settle the conflict by showing that babytalk is necessary and an asset to speech development if used properly, but knowing how and when to use babytalk is the key, because if used improperly, it can be a handicap. Information about the proper use of babytalk might be of value to pre-nursing students, pre-teaching students, youth services students and, of course, parents.

The fact that there is a conflict between some adults is a good sign that parents are concerned about the speech development of their children. Most parents hope for intelligent children and are beginning to realize that speech development has a direct relationship to performance on intelligence tests. In **Child Development and Personality**, by Paul Mussen, John Conger, and Jerome Kagen, it is stated that to a very large extent, American intelligence tests measure acquired knowledge, especially language skills. What many parents do not realize is that the day their child is born they become speech teachers, and therefore, they have some influence on how well their child develops his speech potentiality.

By being exposed to speech, a child cannot avoid learning speech, considering the child is normal biologically. But, the learning is not always satisfactory. William Cole, writing in **Today's Health** (December, 1970), says ten percent of United States' children don't acquire proper speech — speech that is intelligible, grammatical, and pleasant to hear. Parents can help keep their kids out of these statistics. Granted, the experts are aware that acquisition of speech skills depends on more than just parental influence. Mussen, Conger and Kagen state in **Child Development and Personality**, that biological factors are the only explanation for the amazingly rapid development of the child's comprehension

and use of language. One of the biological factors is hearing. If a child cannot hear, he cannot speak without careful intensive training, states Ellen Allardyce in "Deaf Children Learn", **The** (Port Huron, Mich.) **Times Herald**, Dec. 6, 1974. Therefore, it can be assumed that being exposed to speech is essential to learning speech. The Staff of Developmental Language and Speech Centers, Grand Rapids, Michigan, writing in **Teach Your Child To Talk**, say that the speech that a child is exposed to most is his parents', and the quality of the parents' speech will reflect on the quality of the child's speech. This is the very reason that parents can help their children acquire proper speech.

The chief reason that many parents fail as speech teachers is that they do not realize the importance of how and when to use babytalk. The main reason for the conflict about the use of babytalk is that so many people have misused it that it has become a negatively connoted word. Simply, babytalk is an imitation of a child's speech attempts. The assumption of this writer is that babytalk involves more than just syllable and word imitations. It seems that most adults tend to change their tone of voice and sentence structure when conversing with infants and toddlers, which is also a form of babytalk. Future reference in this paper to babytalk will reflect this definition unless referred to as negative babytalk. The negative definition of babytalk, as stated in **Teach Your Child To Talk**, is: talking done purposely in a childish way, such as saying, "Is my widdo baby weddy for din-din?" Usually this is done because a parent thinks the childish language is cute; therefore, the parent imitates it and gives the child attention when he speaks in this manner. As an attention-getting device, the child will continue to employ the improper use of words, even after he is capable of saying them correctly. This type of negative babytalk is bad and should never be used. It is difficult enough for a child to make sense out of the complexity of adult speech without further confusing him with patterns of speech that will interfere with the acquisition of true words, and which he will have to unlearn later.

In order to set up some rules about babytalk that parents and others can use as guidelines to help a child develop good language skills, it becomes necessary to trace the early stages of life when speech development is most prominent and to note the occurrences. The first stage in a child's language use development begins in early infancy. The newborn can make different crying sounds to communicate his needs. During the second stage the baby makes comfort sounds. The third stage begins when the baby starts babbling. During the fourth stage the child increases his babbling abilities by putting different syllables together and adds inflections: this is called jargon. It is the fifth stage when baby starts saying words. The sixth stage begins with telegraphic sentences. Because each infant develops individually, no one can say for sure at exactly what age a child will enter into each of the stages, but it can be assumed that each child will go through each stage in the order that they are numbered here.

The deliberate use of baby talk by a child's parents should begin when the baby is born. At birth the baby can already make distinguishable crying sounds and uses them to communicate his different needs. This is the time for the mother to begin teaching the baby to communicate in a way that is acceptable to society. She should speak to the baby in a pleasant tone of voice, and she should speak to him often. This

changing of tone of voice is necessary if the baby is to associate language with pleasantness and security, which will increase interest and effort.

Soon the baby will start making comfort sounds when he is not crying or sleeping. Comfort sounds are the cooing sounds that delight adults. They are made totally by accident and are the result of changes in tension of the muscles of speech. At this stage it is important to imitate the baby's sounds. The importance of imitation at this stage is to teach the baby to imitate.

The next stage in a child's language use development is called babbling. Babbling is combining a vowel with a consonant and repeating it over and over, such as ba-ba-ba-ba. The child is now aware of what he is doing and likes listening to himself and likes the feeling of making these sounds. Imitation is still important at this stage. It will encourage the baby to keep practicing!

The babbling stage is usually followed by a stage in which the baby starts using di-syllables such as ba-da. As these syllables increase in variety, he will also start using inflections so that he might sound as if he's asking a question or giving a command. Finally the baby is the one doing the imitating. James Deese, in **Psycholinguistics**, says that although the child may not be imitating accurately, he is beginning to invent rules based on the models presented to him.

When the baby says his first meaningful word, he should be re-inforced, imitated and encouraged to say more. This is a very important step in speech development for the parent concerning babytalk. As the child attempts to name his environment, the parent should cease re-enforcing and imitating incorrect attempts. Instead, the parent should supply the correct word and give the child a goal to shoot for.

Between the ages of eighteen and thirty-six months, a child starts putting words together in telegraphic sentences. These sentences should be re-enforced by short, grammatically correct sentences. In order for the child to comprehend what is being said to him, it is important to talk at his level of understanding.

Gradually, as the child's central nervous system becomes more developed, so will his ability to comprehend adult speech. The parent should gradually introduce new words and more complicated speech until the child is speaking the complex sentences typical of his culture. This process is called expansion: when expansion begins, babytalk should be phased out.

By the time a child is five, he should be able to perform well on intelligence tests (considering he has no biological handicap), if the parent has been a good example and used babytalk correctly. The following short version of the rules is a good guideline to the correct use of babytalk.

1. Introduce the child to speech with a pleasant, loving tone of voice so that the child can relate speech to pleasant experiences.
2. Imitate the baby in order to teach him to imitate.
3. Once the baby begins imitating, re-enforce correct attempts and



Gypsy Woman (monoprint)

Carolyn Orzechowski

supply correct words for incorrect attempts. Do not give attention by imitating incorrect attempts.

4. Speak in simple, short, grammatically correct language on the child's level of understanding.
5. Expand with the child; continually set new goals for him.

Good speech development has a direct relationship to a child's performance on an intelligence test. If a parent is aware of how and when to use babytalk as outlined in the above rules, he can best help his child develop his speech potentiality. If a child has poor speech habits as a result of negative babytalk, he will have to spend precious time unlearning his bad habits when he could be acquiring new knowledge. As a result, the improperly guided child would probably not perform as well on a test as the child whose parents used a good plan and insight during the speech development years.

by

Liz Bajis

it took me long enough to realize
while I spent hours
drawing tiny pictures on my window
to show when you return;
an old phonograph record
kept skipping on my stereo.
while I fashioned soft, lace patterns
of guilt,
delicate as old, silk cloth.
while I kept you motionless,
while I worked to keep remembering you
to scorn the ache
to keep our closeness
you were at home
 keeping distance between us.



Mermaid (monoprint)

Martha Peterson



Whistler's Mother Exposed

Dave Tardiff

